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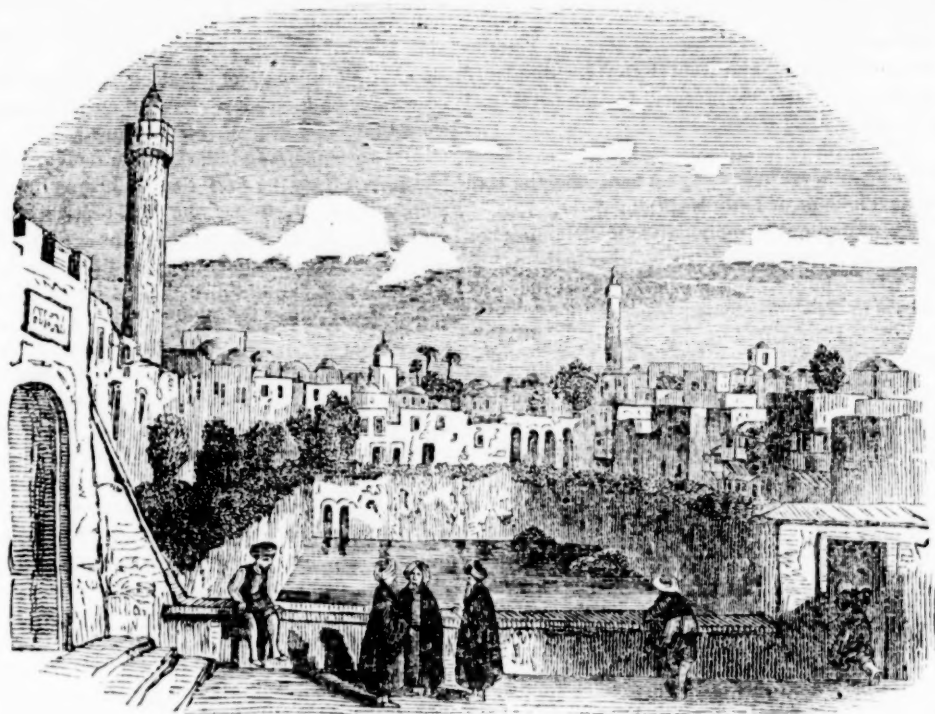
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POOL OF BETHESDA.



"Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches."—*St. John* c. 2.

The word "market" is not in the original, nor is a sheep market mentioned in the Scripture or any of the Jewish writings. Probably the word supplied, to complete the sense, might be "gate," instead of "market;" as a "sheep gate" is mentioned repeatedly in Nehemiah, being that through which sheep and oxen were brought into the city. The Vulgate and Ethiopic versions, however, have "sheep pool," not supposing there is any omission to be supplied. The Arabic explains it in the same manner; and it is called the "cattle pool" by Jerome. No pool named Bethesda is noticed by the Jewish writers; but it is thought by some that it may have been the great pool of which they say, that, between Hebron and Jerusalem was the fountain Etham, from which the waters were conducted in pipes to the great pool in Jerusalem. Benjamin of Tudela speaks of a pool, as existing in his time, at which the ancients were supposed to have slain their sacrifices; and he very probably had in view the pool which is at present considered to represent the "pool of Bethesda" of our text. Many, from the mention of sheep in connexion with the pool, surmise that here the sheep destined for sacrifice were washed. If so, the washing was either before or after the victims were slaughtered; but it was not required that they should be washed *before* being slaughtered;

and for the washing of the victims *after* they had been slain, there was in the temple a chamber with a proper supply of water. It is perhaps best, therefore, to take the word rendered "pool," in its more definite acceptation of "bath," and understand that the pool was a bath for unclean persons, for whose accommodation the "five porches" or cloistered walks were erected.

Bethesda means "house of mercy, grace, or goodness;" doubtless because many miserable objects there received mercy and healing. Athanasius speaks of the pool itself as still existing in his time, although the surrounding buildings were, as we might expect, in ruin. The place to which the name of the pool of Bethesda is now given, is very possibly the same thus mentioned. Chateaubriand thinks it offers the only example now left of the primitive architecture of the Jews at Jerusalem. In conformity with other travelers, he states that it is still to be seen near St. Stephen's gate. It was situated near the temple, on the north; and is a reservoir one hundred and fifty feet long, and forty wide. The sides are walled, and these walls are composed of a bed of large stones, joined together by iron cramps; a wall of mixed materials runs upon these large stones; a layer of flints is stuck upon the surface of this wall; and a coating laid over these flints. The four beds are perpendicular to the bottom, and not horizontal; the coating was on the side next to the water, and the large stones rested, as they still do, against

the ground. The pool is now dry and filled up. Here grow some pomegranate-trees and a species of wild tamarind of a bluish color; the western angle is quite full of nopals. On the west side may also be seen two arches, which probably led to an aqueduct that carried the water into the interior of the temple. Chateaubriand considers that this pool is at the same time the Bethesda of Scripture and the *Stagnum Salomonis* of Josephus; and presumes that it offers all which now remains of the Jerusalem of David and Solomon.—*Sears' Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible.*

Select Tales.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE EMBROIDERED MANTLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"FLORELLA, where are you going?" said Lady Katharine Hathaway to a young girl, who was sliding quietly out of the room, after having succeeded in engaging the attention of a beautiful child, just old enough to sit alone on the carpet, with the playthings spread around it.

"Only to gather a few cherries—" and the color deepened a little on her cheeks as she replied—"that grow by the old ruin, before the birds carry them all off."

"Cannot you take little Ellen with you? The doctor says we must let her feel the air and sunshine, if we wish to make a healthy girl of her."

"Yes, madam, if it be your wish," replied Florella, turning back and taking up the child with evident reluctance.

"Don't be gone more than an hour," said Lady Katharine, handing her an embroidered mantle to wrap round the child in case of a change of weather.

"No, madam, unless Ellen should be very quiet and should be loth to return so soon," saying thus, Florella, hastening from the house, struck into a path which wound gracefully amongst the flowery hillocks and hollows that varied the surface of a broad expanse of ground covered with the freshest verdure, and which led in the direction of the old ruin.

Florella, now eighteen, had formerly belonged to a band of gipsies, which, two years prior to the time we commence our story, encamped near the old ruin several weeks, availing themselves of its shelter whenever the weather made it necessary. During this time, Florella frequently called at Hathaway Hall to sell willow baskets, which she wove with neatness and taste. Lady Katharine, who was struck with her extreme beauty and charmed with the grace and gentleness of her deportment, won from her a promise to leave her people, and come and live at the Hall, could she obtain their consent. Thinking, probably, that it might prove advantageous to them for one of their tribe to be an inmate of a

family, rich and powerful as Sir Philip Hathaway's, they readily gave it. When she went to take her final leave of her kindred and friends, before their departure, she found that a gipsy, whose name was Rodovan, a native of Spain, and a few years her senior, had been received amongst them. Never until then, Florella imagined, had she beheld the perfection of manly beauty. His athletic symmetrical form, his classic features, and his dark, but clear complexion, set off by lustrous eyes, black as night, and when he spoke or smiled, by those beautiful teeth characteristic of his race, might indeed have satisfied a more critical and fastidious judge. Rodovan was no less sensible of the uncommon loveliness of Florella, and had they met a week sooner, she never would have pledged herself to become the handmaiden of Lady Katharine Hathaway. He told his tale of love and they parted, though he was determined that it should not be forever, and subsequently he found several opportunities, when the wanderings of the tribe happened to lead in that direction, to meet with the beautiful brunette, with whose charms he was as deeply enthralled as was Romeo of Verona, with those of the peerless Juliet. The evening previous, he had found means to apprise Florella that he should be at the ruin, the following morning, where he begged that she would meet him. Could she refuse? A whole year had passed since they had met, and her glass, as well as the clear fountain on the hill-side, as she sat by its brink and braided her long tresses with flowers, reflected back to her now, a face and form of more exuberant beauty than a twelvemonth before, and she could not be blamed if she wished her lover to see that the rose of his heart instead of fading was brighter and fresher than ever. When arrived at the ruin, she wrapped the mantle more closely around the little Ellen, who had fallen asleep, and laying her down softly on the grass, in the shade of a tree, proceeded to the spot where her lover was to await her coming, and which was screened from the view of the inhabitants of the Hall by a part of the ruinous building. Bound by the magic spell woven by Beauty and Love, which seemed even to communicate its influence to the balmy atmosphere they breathed, and to give an aspect of tenderness, not only to the calm blue sky, but to the grey moss-grown walls of the ruin, that gave back, in softened tones, the echoes of their low, impassioned words—it is no wonder that a thousand things were left unsaid, when the harsh tongue of the chapel clock told that an hour had already passed. Florella started from the fallen pillar on which they were seated.

"I must go," said she, "Lady Katharine charged me to be gone only an hour."

"Why," said he, "should you longer remain a slave to the will of Lady Katharine? Suffer me to conduct you back to our people. Your mother mourns your absence and repents having let her bright forest-bird be imprisoned in a gilded cage."

This, and the eloquent appeals of his own love, enforced by his pleading looks, went to her heart, and her denial was uttered in a faltering and hesitating voice. He saw and urged his advantage till he obtained her promise to meet him

again in the evening, to return no more to Hathaway Hall. They walked side by side until they came in sight of the tree where Florella had left the sleeping Ellen, and then, disengaging her hand from her lover's she bounded lightly forward. A wild shriek burst from her lips when she arrived at the spot, for the child was not there. Rodovan drew near and learnt the cause of her alarm. They searched a little near the spot, in the faint hope that she might have awoke and crept a short distance, and then yielding to the emotions of mingled terror and sorrow, Florella wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Suddenly drying her tears, she turned to her lover and placed her hand in his.

"I am ready to go with you now," said she, "for I can never bear to again look upon the face of Sir Philip or of Lady Katharine."

He waited not to reply, but half sustaining her trembling form, he hastened with her to the banks of a river, and placing her in a light boat that was moored in the shade of some overhanging birches, and seating himself with his paddle, they were soon flying swiftly as a bird over the yielding waters. Half a mile distant, in the glade of a deep wood, was the encampment of the gipsies. Fearful of pursuit, they made immediate preparation to depart, and the next morning the sun rose upon them in a safe, and to persons unacquainted with the country, an inaccessible wild. When they had kindled their camp fire and firmly fixed the cross-sticks in the ground, by means of which they were going to suspend the kettle over the blaze in which their breakfast was to be cooked, they for the first time missed one of their number.

"Where is Liz Looney?" inquired one of them, who had not forgotten to cause the hen-roosts to do them tribute during their hasty night march, "she is the best hand at dressing fowls for the pot."

They all looked round, but Liz was no where to be found, and then, several called to mind that they had seen her leave the camp directly after Rodovan went to visit Florella, and no one could remember having seen her afterwards. The truth at once flashed upon the mind of Rodovan. He knew that he was beloved by her, and as the river in one place was fordable, she had doubtless followed him to watch his interview with Florella, and to revenge herself upon her rival, had taken the child. Florella's sorrow was but little ameliorated by this conjecture, as she feared that in attempting to return, she and the child had both been drowned; she however, for a long time, cherished a faint hope that she would rejoin them.

Lady Katharine, at the expiration of the hour, went to the window and looked out towards the ruin, yet she did not feel particularly uneasy until another hour had passed, and then she sent a servant to hasten Florella's return, who soon brought back word that neither she nor the child could be found. When it was ascertained that a band of gipsies had recently encamped on the opposite side of the river, Sir Philip and Lady Katharine immediately suspected that Florella had been enticed to join them, and had carried the child with her. A vigilant search was instituted without delay, which proved utterly unsuccessful. Long was it ere the voice of mourning for the loss of an only child, was hushed, in their late joyful abode; but time, the soother as well

as destroyer, at length blunted the poignancy of their grief, though a melancholy had settled upon their hearts which nothing could dissipate. After the expiration of five years, a gentleman whose estate lay contiguous to Sir Philip's, while on a journey to Scotland, came suddenly one evening upon the band of gipsies to which Florella belonged. Having frequently seen her when an inmate of the family of his neighbor, he instantly recognized her, and demanded information respecting the lost child. She gave a simple and faithful narration of all the circumstances she herself knew, and informed him who they suspected had stolen it. As they had never, from that time, been able to obtain the least information concerning her, they imagined, as they had feared from the first, that in attempting to recross the river, she and the child had both been drowned. This account, which the gentleman, on his return communicated to the bereaved parents, while it extinguished the last latent sparks of hope and revived their anguish, had ultimately a favorable effect, as it terminated their anxiety and suspense. As there was no heir to inherit his rich and extensive domains, Sir Philip began to think it best to adopt one, and in his own mind, fixed upon the son of an old college friend, a smart, active lad, who had for some time been an orphan. He mentioned the subject to Lady Katharine, whose wishes being in unison with his own, Arthur Levering, having received the additional name of Hathaway, was from that time considered their son, and heir to Sir Philip's title and estate.

Six years more had glided away, when a celebrated musician, by the name of Belmont, in company with his sister, was returning from Wales, where they had been to visit a brother. Mr. Belmont, with the assistance of vocalists belonging to his own country, and those procured from Italy, had, for a series of years, been in the habit of giving concerts during the fashionable season in London, and at other times in any place where sufficient patronage could be obtained. It was near sunset, and the surrounding country was wild and desolate. It soon became apparent that they had lost their way. As there appeared no vestige of inhabitants of whom inquiry could be made, after consulting with the driver, it was decided that they should turn back and endeavor to ascertain where they first deviated from the direct road. For a quarter of a mile they proceeded briskly, then the driver suddenly stopped the horses, being perplexed by the meeting of several roads. As they all appeared to be equally worn by travel, it was impossible to determine which ought to be taken, and as the driver observed that it would be luckier to turn to the right than the left, he was suffered to follow his own humor. The road being grassy, the carriage rolled along with but little noise, and they had gone only a short distance, when the sound of music, faint at first, but every moment growing more full, came floating by on the air. Soon a sweet female voice, somewhat infantile in its tones, singing an exquisitely wild and beautiful air, and accompanied by a violin was distinctly heard. As Mr. Belmont called to the driver to check the horses that he might determine with

certainly whence the music proceeded, he observed a light wreath of smoke curling above a clump of beeches.

"Did you ever hear any thing so wildly sweet?" said the enraptured Belmont to his sister. "That voice, with proper cultivation would be superior to the Prima Donna's I have engaged for my London concerts. I am determined to ascertain who the syren is, inhabiting these solitudes."

Saying thus, unmindful of the playful remonstrance of his sister, who warned him against being lured into danger, he sprang from the carriage, and was soon winding his way along a faintly traced footpath, several of which were discernible leading in the direction of the beeches. He was not long in attaining the summit of an eminence of easy acclivity, which, on the opposite side sunk abruptly down into a deep dell of the wildest and most romantic appearance. Half a dozen huts, sunk several feet in the ground, with sod-covered roofs, forming an irregular group on the opposite side of the dell, indicated the presence of a gipsy hamlet. A number of the inhabitants, both male and female, were moving about in different directions, or reclining negligently in the shade of the trees. Most of the latter, by being attired in garments of a bright scarlet, with kerchiefs of the same color wreathed not ungracefully round their heads, from beneath which strayed their coal black hair, imparted to the scene a novel and peculiar character. But there was another object which, to Belmont, was more attractive. Beside a fountain, that sparkled in the slanting sunbeams, as if some invisible fairy were pouring into it thousands of her hoarded gems, was a child, apparently ten or eleven years old, seated on a rock half imbedded in the ground. Her head was slightly elevated, and her complexion of a clear, pearly hue, contrasted finely with the rich, nut-brown curls, that fell so low as to mingle with the clustering columbines that grew at the edge of the rock. Her hazel eyes, darkly fringed with long silken lashes, had a deeper and intenser expression than is common in one so youthful, and the slight rose tinge on her cheek was evidently of that flitting kind, which waits only on exercise or excitement. Her dress of light blue—that and red being the two favorite colors of the gipsies—consisted of a velvet bodice ornamented with a tarnished cord of silver tinsel, a full skirt of similar hue but different material, and sandals, shielding not cramping the small symmetrical feet peeping from beneath it. The music had ceased before he attained the height, which commanded a view of the dell, but he felt sure that the beautiful child was the songstress. He was right, for in a few moments she commenced a strain wild and sweet as the one which attracted him to the spot, but far more melancholy, a middle aged gipsy accompanying her with his violin. Her voice for one so young, was of wonderful power and compass, and as Mr. Belmont stood listening, he felt determined to possess himself of one, who in a professional line, he doubted not would prove a rich treasure. As he was endeavoring to decide in what manner it was best to address her, a woman came from one of the huts and directing towards him the attention of the child, commanded her to return with her to her dwelling.

Belmont hastened forward, and taking the woman aside, explained to her his wishes.

"No, no," she replied, "it will not do—evil will come of it."

"To you, or to the child?"

"To me. Should the child go, I would no more hope to lay my head down in peace, even in this wild and solitary place."

"She cannot be your child, or of your race."

"You have said the truth."

"But the ties of affection bind her to you?"

"No, those of necessity—I do not love her."

"She is subject to your control?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have her, and these five gold pieces shall be yours," said he, taking the number he mentioned from his purse and offering them to her.

The woman's countenance brightened as she said—"Will you promise not to inform against me if I let you take her? Shall I lie down at night without the fear of being dragged from my hut by those people you call officers of justice? What would the five gold pieces be worth to me in prison?"

"I can have no hesitation in promising what must be for my own benefit."

"She may go then if she will, and I think she will need but little persuasion. Remember to abide by your promise, for you are dealing with one that knows how to plant the thorn in the heart!"

As the woman had imagined, the child readily consented to accompany him, and running into the hut and putting on a little scarlet cloak with a hood which she drew over her head, she told him she was ready to go. The people regarded the transaction with looks of curiosity, but attempted not to interfere. The man with the violin alone came forward.

"You will not," said he, "forget Peter and his fiddle, Lizette?"

"Never," replied the child, and the tears came into her eyes, as she gave her cheek to him to kiss.

"You will leave me with joy instead of sorrow," said the woman, "for I have often chided you without cause, only to relieve my heart of its bitterness. Yet remember that I heeded not the smile of the treacherous waters when they tempted me to bury you in their bosom, but still bore you on in my arms, though hungry and weary, and with a heart ten times heavier than the burthen I carried in my arms."

Her melancholy, half regretful manner, at once banished from the child's mind all memory of her former harshness and magnified her capricious kindness.

"I will not go," said she, "if you wish me to remain."

"Yes, yes, go," she replied, turning quickly away, "we shall both be the happier."

When at the top of the steep and rugged ascent, the child looked back. The few joys and the many sorrows of her short life came crowding into the brief space, that she stood gazing into the deep dell. As she turned to resume her walk, the last lingering sunbeam that played upon her favorite fountain, departed.

"I have brought the syren with me," said

Belmont, addressing his sister, as he placed the child in the carriage.

Familiar with the surrounding country, she informed them that they were pursuing an indirect road, and pointed out the way which would lead to the right one. It was Mr. Belmont's next care to ascertain how far distant they were from an inn, or other dwelling, where they could pass the night.

"We are only a few miles from Mat's," said the child.

"And who is Mat?" inquired Mr. Belmont.

"One of our people."

"But shall we find good accommodations?" said Miss Belmont, with some solicitude, as she pictured to herself what they might expect at a gipsy inn.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, with simplicity, "very good—the house is a great deal larger and better than those you saw just now, sir," turning to Mr. Belmont.

He smiled, and inquired if there were no other house of entertainment which they would be able to reach that night. She informed him that there was none within a dozen miles, and they concluded, if the inn kept by Mat appeared to be tolerably decent, to remain there during the night. Miss Belmont, as they rode slowly along, from time to time, addressed a few kind words to the child, whose great beauty and an expression of melancholy, seldom shading the sunshine of a face so youthful, could not fail to enlist the kindness and sympathy of any heart open to emotion.

It was quite dark when they arrived within sight of the inn, which was an oblong building of considerable size, with a steep, thatched roof. The front apartments alone exhibited the luxury of glass windows, through one of which gleamed a light, showing "how far a little candle throws its beams." The sound of the carriage wheels drew Mat to the door, and several of his assistants to the outside of it, who awaited the approach of the vehicle with their pipes in their mouths, by means of which the air was so thoroughly perfumed, that a strong scent of tobacco-smoke, much to the annoyance of Miss Belmont, greeted their olfactory nerves, as the driver drew up the horses in front of the building. Extreme fatigue, however, caused Miss Belmont to feel comparatively resigned to the prospect of undergoing the fumigation, which would be unavoidable, should she enter the inn, rather than to proceed. Mat, although the equipage and the appearance of Mr. Belmont and his sister, in every respect, had never been equaled by any travelers who had before visited his humble abode, evinced not the slightest embarrassment, but with his hat, which had evidently seen much service, set jauntily on one side of his head, allowing the black elf-locks depending from the other at freedom to dally with the passing breeze, ushered them into an apartment tolerably clean and decent. Observing that the child was following them—"No, Lizette," said he, "you had better go into the kitchen, for, although the gentlefolks were kind enough to give you a lift in the carriage, they may not care to have your company in the parlor."

"I belong to them now," she replied.

"Yes," said Mr. Belmont, "she is under our care, and we will keep her in the room with us."

"She is not one of our people, it is true," said Mat, speaking to himself, rather than to them, "but if she go away, she will, like me, often think of the deep dell that is green in the spring, while the hill and the plain are still brown, where one may sit for hours on the warm, sunny rock, without fearing the blast that is whistling amongst the hills, and watch the smoke of his pipe as it curls and spreads above him, till it looks like the soft cloud of the summer sky."

It was not long before supper was on the table, which certainly sent forth a goodly savor, though it is doubtful whether it possessed those valor-inspiring qualities of the famous repast with which Meg Merrilies regaled the Dominic.

The next morning, as the travelers were about to depart, Mat took the child aside—

"You are going to leave us, Lizette," said he, "and may be, you will find the station you were born to—but should you tire of being pent up in a grand house, and long for the freedom of your former life, come back, and Mat will be ready to divide his bread with you, if it be but little."

"Whether I ever wish to return or not, Mat," she replied, "I shall always love to think of your kind words."

As she turned to go, he thrust a small parcel into her hand, saying—"It is of no use to me, and may never be to you, but there can be no harm in your taking it for it belongs to you. You had it on the first time I saw you. I obtained possession of it, no matter how, intending to give it to you should you ever leave us. Wear it, should it ever be your lot to meet with lords and ladies, but, at present, conceal it from them," and he looked towards Mr. Belmont and his sister.

They now called to her, and she hastened to join them. After two or three hours ride, they arrived at a large village, and Miss Belmont, as they were passing through the principal street, observing a milliner and mantua-maker's shop, determined to avail herself of the opportunity of procuring a different dress for Lizette, that she might not be an object of curiosity and wonder. Before leaving the carriage her little red cloak and hood were removed, and their places supplied by a shawl and bonnet. They soon afterwards alighted at the house of entertainment, where they concluded to remain and dine. A suitable dress, according to Miss Belmont's directions, was completed for Lizette in a few hours, and she appeared at the dinner-table attired more becomingly, if less picturesquely than before.

When they had once more resumed their seats in the carriage, Miss Belmont said to her—"You have not yet told us whether you have any name besides Lizette."

"They sometimes gave me another—the woman who had the care of me—but she made me promise not to mention it."

"We do not require you to break your promise," replied Miss Belmont, and turning to her brother, she said—"we must give her another name, it will appear odd for her to have only one."

"Yes, and it will be best to drop the Lizette. How will Ophelia Anville sound?"

"Extremely well, I think. Should you like to be called by that name?"

"Yes, madam, I should like the name very much, because Ophelia sounds something like Amelia."

"And why do you like it on that account?"

"Because Amelia is the name of a very beautiful lady who taught me to sing. My people seldom sing, though they play on instruments."

"When and where did you meet with this lady?"

"In England last summer. All of us were there, and encamped in a wood near a castle. I one day wandered away in the fields by myself and met her. After that we saw each other often, and she learned me a great many songs. She taught me to read too, and gave me several books."

"Why did you not ask your people to let you remain with her?"

"I did, but the woman I belonged to, seemed to be frightened when I told her her name, and they left the place that very night."

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

HILLSDALE.

When we look abroad over the landscape of nature, and behold a universe of diversified structure, spread out in all the loveliness of its variety before us, and when we contemplate how well adapted it is to the disagreeing taste of man, we cannot but be deeply impressed with the superior goodness and wisdom that guided the great Architect of creation, in the formation of the earth and in the construction of him he designed should inhabit it. It is my design in this communication to give a brief description of the valley and village of Hillsdale, and the surrounding scenery of the mountains.

For him whose taste may be adapted to the most beautiful diversifications of nature, the valley of Hillsdale, although its beauties may have never been touched by the able pen of a descriptive writer, has charms that no region in the county of Columbia can surpass. The village of Hillsdale is situated on the Columbia turnpike, two miles from the Massachusetts state line and seventeen miles from the city of Hudson. It is one, which for its size is not perhaps surpassed in business, by any in this county. Inhabited by an industrious, enterprising, and moral community, and favorably situated on the public roads, with its inhabitants and its situation, it offers facilities for business, which few country places enjoy. The New-York and Albany Rail-Road Company has surveyed their route within a few rods of the village; and when this work shall have been completed, this new facility for business will contribute largely towards the rapid growth of the village. It has the further advantage of being the centre of nearly all the business of this town, and has no small portion of the business of some of the adjoining towns. Mechanics of every kind, merchants in numbers, and members of every profession, are here collected, and actively engaged in attending to the various

wants of themselves, and the industrious, frugal, and persevering community about them.

The town is, as its name indicates, diversified with *hills* and *dales*, suited to the taste of almost any individual. Here, a beautiful plain stretches out in the distance before you, presenting an unvaried surface, crowned with the richest and most beautiful products of Nature, and there, a beautifully diversified landscape greets the wandering eye. While Summer lasts, no pleasanter region can be found, than the fair valley of Hillsdale. Every path, clothed in a beautiful carpet of green, and the scene enlivened by the mellow notes of the forest bird, presents a source of pure enjoyment, for him who is fond of seeking retirement from the busy scenes of active life, to experience the pleasures of solitude. A gentle and continued rise of ground, bounds the valley on the north, a plain extends as far as the eye can perceive on the south, and upon either the east or the west, towering and majestic mountains rear their giant heads, overlooking the valley beneath. A delightful stream winds its way through the whole extent of the valley; and here and there a pearly little rivulet, leaping majestically from rock to rock, down the side of either mountain, steals its way to the bed of the river beneath. In these healthy streams, descending from the mountain's side, the silvery scaled denizens of the water delight to dwell, and for that person, who with his angle and rod, can climb the rocky steep, and penetrate the wild and uncultivated regions of the mountain, abundant supplies of the finest fish are sure to crown his efforts. By such they are often visited. It is here that the trout delights to dwell; where the waters are continually fanned by the pure breezes of Heaven, and in that gulf, whose overhanging rocks hide them from the heated rays of the summer's sun. The higher of the two mountains is Mount Washington, on the east. A road extends along the side of this mountain, and winding its way with innumerable curves, leads to the mountain's summit. After arriving at its greatest height, a splendid scene is spread out to the view. Overlooking the western mountain, nought but the imperfections of extended vision, seems to prevent one from gazing upon the glassy bosom of the delightful Hudson, and numbering the whitened canvass, that glide "like a thing of life" o'er its mirrored surface. Beyond the Hudson, the Catskill mountains rise in the dim distance, to intercept the reaching vision. On either side, above, around and below, the eye can feast upon diversified nature's soul-enchancing scenery. "Oh! child of ignorance—disbeliever of your God! can you stand upon this mighty monument of God's eternal power, overshadowed by the canopy of Heaven—can you behold the king of light and glory rolling o'er your head—can you gaze upon the tokens of his goodness scattered about you as far as the eye can perceive—can you contemplate the universe, which sustains thy footsteps, upheld by nought but the power and will of the Supreme Being, and yet say in thy heart there is no God?"—I blush to call thee—man!

But to return to the immediate vicinity of the mountain. However calm or composed the atmosphere may be, in the valley beneath, a gentle

breeze is ever playing about the summit; and here inhaling a pure ethereal atmosphere, and viewing the landscape in all its loveliness below, the mind is led from the contemplation of this, to look "through nature up to nature's God." Would you behold the forest in all its primeval grandeur, untouched by the hand of art, and as it was penciled by the great Architect of creation? It is here. Would you visit that spot, where the march of civilization has made no impression—where the sound of the axe has never saluted the ear—where the ancient oaks still bid defiance to the power of man, and proudly stand alone, emblematical of the forests former grandeur? this is the lovely spot. You can stand upon the rocky heights—you can penetrate the woody wilderness, or you can enter the deepest recess of the darkened valley. You can listen to the low deep tones of the moaning tempest—you can hearken to the fearful warning of the poisonous serpent, coiled in the crevices of the towering rock, or you can be enchanted by the soul-stirring music of the forest bird. A perfect sample of creation, in its wild, uncultivated and rugged state, is here presented to the eye. The oak that has weathered the storm of many a winter, and the tender flower that blooms for a season, are here irregularly, but beautifully placed before the view of man. The oak forms a perfect shelter from the rays of the sun, and thousands of beautiful flowers, warmed into existence as if by enchantment, form a fragrant couch for the limbs of the weary traveler.

Turning from the diversified scenery of the mountain wild, to the fair valley of Hillsdale below, an entirely different aspect presents itself. The picture that nature penciled of its own wild scenery, is here mutilated by the hand of civilization. The proud old oaks have fallen before industry's arm; and nature's own spontaneous, floral garb has alike been the subject of early destruction. But it rests not here. Where once the giant oaks reared their branching heads, the golden harvest now waves over the field; and where once perhaps herds of buffalo roamed unmolested, the domesticated flock now quietly graze o'er fields of blooming clover. The valley, divided into commodious tracts or farms of land, teems with prosperity and happiness. The labors of the husbandman are crowned with rich success, and the fruits of superior industry are the rewards of the tiller's toil. Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of the village of Hillsdale, the fair valley that surrounds it, and the wild and romantic scenery of its contiguous mountains. **MILQ.**

Hillsdale, Dec. 1841.

MISCELLANY.

A CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

BUSTLES!—what are bustles? Ay, reader, fair reader, you may well ask that question.—But some of you at least know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates, sufficiently well, though, thank heaven! there are many thousands of my countrymen who are as yet ignorant of both, and indeed to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance? Not, reader, that I am of the female sex, and use the arti-

cle in question, but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb, "Here lies a man who was killed by a bustle!"

But before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps be proper to give a description of the article itself which has been the cause of my undoing. Well, then, a bustle is—an article used by ladies to take from their form the character of the Venus of the Greeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots! That ladies should have a taste so singular, may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes, and I know to my cost that the fact is indisputable. I made the discovery a few years since, and up to that time I had always borne the character of a sedate and promising young man—one likely to get on in the world by my exertions, and therefore sure to be helped by my friends. I was even, I flatter myself, a favorite with the fair sex too; and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer; and there was one most lovely creature among them, whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness; such hopes with me have fled forever!

In an unlucky hour I was at a ball given by the governor general, seated at a little distance from my fair one, my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the heat of the place. "My dear," her friend replied, "it must be the effect of your bustle! What do you stuff it with?" "Hair!—horse hair," was the reply. "Hair!—mercy on us!" says her friend, "it is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a *hot* material truly. Why, you should do as I do—you do not see me fainting; and the reason is, that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies apprehending from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favorably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Elizabeth my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sang together, we also talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately, we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so, that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first death blow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing Dalhousie Square, her dear arm linked in mine, when we chanced to meet a female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without incommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the *trottoir*, near which at the time there was standing an old white horse totally blind, harnessed to a caleche. He was a quiet looking animal, and none could suppose from his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror, when I suddenly heard my charmer give a scream that pierced me to the very heart!—and when I perceived that this

atrocious old blind brute, having slowly and slyly swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it?—caught my Elizabeth—really I can't say how—but he *caught* her; and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as a lady never before suffered.—Silk gown, petticoat, bustle—every thing, in fact, gave way, and left an opening—a chasm—an exposure, that may, perhaps, be imagined, but cannot be described. As rapidly as I could of course, I got my fair one into a caleche, and hurried home, the truth of the ball room *tete-a-tete* gradually opening in my mind as to the true cause of the disaster—it was that the blind horse, hungry brute, had been attracted by the smell of my Elizabeth's bustle, made of hay—new hay!

Elizabeth was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me, or rather to be seen in the streets with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had indulged in hopes that she would yet be mine. I had, however, taken a deep aversion to bustles, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to wreak my vengeance on my sister's bustle, for I found by this time that she too, was emulous of being a Hottentot beauty. Accordingly, having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole into my sister's room in the course of the evening before she went into it to dress, and pouncing upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table, I inflicted a cut on it with my penknife, and retired. But what a mistake did I make! Alas it was not my sister's bustle, but my Elizabeth's! However we went to the ball, and for a time all went smoothly on. I took my Elizabeth as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner—loosing her *en bon point*—as she danced; and worse than that, every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies chain, the *chasse*—was actually marked—recorded—on the chalked floor with *bran*! Oh dear! reader, pity me; was ever man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom—she would never speak to me or even look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—ay, with both sexes—was also destroyed. I, who had been heretofore, as I said, considered an example of prudence and discretion for a young man, was now set down as a thoughtless devil-may-care wag, never to do well; the men treated me coldly, and the women turned their backs upon me; and so thus in reality they made me what they had supposed I was. It was indeed no wonder, for I could never after see a lady with a bustle, but I felt an irresistible inclination to laughter, and this too even on occasions when I should have kept a grave countenance. If I met a couple of country or other friends in the street, and inquired after their family—the cause, perhaps, of the mourning in which they were attired, while they were telling me of the death of some father, sister, or other relative, I, to their astonishment, would take to laughing, and if there was a horse near us, give the lady a push away to another situation. And if then I were asked the meaning of this ill-timed mirth, and singular movement, what could I say? Why, sometimes I made the matter

worse by replying, "Dear madam it is only to save your bustle from the horse!"

Stung at length by my misfortunes and the hopelessness of my situation, I became utterly reckless, and only thought of carrying out my revenge on the bustles in every way in my power; and this I must say with some pride I did for a while with good effect. I got a number of the hated articles manufactured for myself—but not, reader, to wear, as you shall hear. Oh! no; but whenever I received an invitation to a party—which had latterly been seldom sent me—I took one of these articles in my pocket, and watching a favorable opportunity when all were engaged in the mazy figure of the dance, let it secretly fall amongst them. The result may be imagined—ay, reader, imagine it, for I cannot describe it with effect. First, the half-suppressed but simultaneous scream of all the ladies, as it was held up for a claimant; next, the equally simultaneous movement of the ladies hands, all quickly disengaged from those of their partners, and not raised up in wonder, but carried down to their—bustle! Never was movement in the dance executed in such precision; I cannot say it was graceful, yet I should be immortalized as the inventor of an attitude so expressive of sentiment, and of feeling. Alas, this is the only consolation now afforded me in my afflictions, I invented a new attitude, a new movement in the quadrille: let others see that it be not forgotten.

I am now a banished man from all refined society, no lady will appear, where that odious Mr. Bustle, as they call me, might possibly be, and so no one will admit me inside their doors. I have nothing left me, therefore, but to live out my solitary life, and vent my execration of bustles in the only place now left me—the columns of the *Little Pedlington Gazette*.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF EARLY TIMES.

About the year 1776, a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends to the English. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the river, (now the Thames,) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated Chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne of the tribe, died, and he found himself with only one left between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously. "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more."

I had heard his story, and did not entirely believe it; young as I was, I had already partaken

of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capitol.

My father attended officially, and it was customary for the Chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me, to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with stern intensity of expression; his black eye sparkling with indignation was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! I tell you that I am an Indian! I tell you that I am, and if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and became again the drunken, contemptible wretch, your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never tempt any man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it.—Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography*.

OCCUPATIONS.

THERE is not a more foolish notion afloat in the world, than the one that it is the occupation that gives character to man. One occupation, as the means of "getting a living," as the phrase goes, is precisely as high and creditable as another, provided that it be honorable, and in accordance with the laws of God and man. The man who holds the plough, hammers his iron, or drives his peg to support his family with the necessaries and comforts of life, is not a whit below the one who measures tape behind the counter, mystifies the law at the bar, or presides at the councils of the nation. There is a vulgar and pernicious feeling abroad in the community on this subject.—Fathers must educate their sons for one of what is called "the learned professions."—Daughters must marry a lawyer, a doctor, a clergyman, or a merchant. Horror! the good lady would as soon think of marrying her daughter to a Winnebago, as to a homely, industrious, and honorable mechanic. Why, the family would be disgraced, the name dishonored. No! No! The business of a carpenter, a blacksmith, or a

farmer, is not so respectable as that of shaving notes, drawing stolidity from the desk, peddling rotten wood or pills, or selling snuff and tobacco. And yet, the duties of all the learned professions, as well as those of merchants, are performed for the same reason that a shoemaker waxes his thread, and the farmer plants his potatoes, viz: to obtain a living. Still a set of miserable, upstart fools, who are almost universally low bred people themselves, people who have begun life in the ditch, endeavor to establish in society artificial distinctions which they hope will elevate them above the common mass from which they were taken, and give to them an importance which innate worth and honesty could not command. Labor is labor. Honest labor is honest labor. Honesty and honorable labor are the same whether performed by the king or the beggar, and it is just as honorable in the one as the other. It is true, that all men by habit and by taste are not fitted to pursue the same vocations, and there are natural divisions, not distinctions, as the word is commonly used, created by harmony and taste. This is as it should be, and fits us for a discharge of all the peculiar duties that devolve upon us as members of society. But to say because a man performs any given duty, however humble, though necessary, degrades him or renders him less meritorious than his neighbor, who performs another duty, yet not more faithfully, is to say we still adhere to the monarchial principles of the old world.

Let the father educate his son to some honorable calling, and if he has predilections for any particular business, as is often the case, let him follow it, if it be possible—it is the man that ennoble the business, not the business that ennoble the man; and not spend a thought upon the distinctions in occupations, honorable and honest, that fools have attempted to build up. Children should be taught to be honorable, honest and upright, to set a proper value upon the riches of a world which is only at best but a bubble, blown into existence to-day to burst to-morrow, and to understand that the only true and real distinctions in society are those of virtue and vice; and that the only true and enduring riches are intellect duly cultivated, affections schooled, and a heart that knows no guile.—*Age*.

A COLD WATER GALLANT.

JOE SVRES, a dry chap who is writing letters to the New-York Commercial, from the southern counties of the State, immortalizes a wag by the name of Manrow, a contractor on the New-York and Erie rail-road, who owns a wagon, the fore wheels of which are as large as the hind wheels. One of his horses he calls Fanny—the other, Elssler, and he swears that "Fanny Elssler, is a whole team." One day he stopped to dine and feed his horses. A pretty damsel waited at the table, and came to fill his tumbler whenever he rang the bell to call her from an adjoining room. He was smitten with her beauty, and drank his glass dry as quickly as possible, that he might have the pleasure of seeing her fill it again. His desire to see her, however, exceeded his capacity to hold all the water she poured out, and, seeing a jar of pickles standing in the room, instead of drinking the water, he poured it into

the jar, repeating his calls for the damsel to fill his tumbler till he had filled the jar to overflowing. His reputation for drinking water, of course, soon spread over the neighborhood; and the secret was not found out until the good landlady discovered that the liquid in her jar had been diluted, and her pickled cucumbers thereby destroyed.

WALTER SCOTT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"I CANNOT too much impress upon your mind, that *labor* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station in life. There is nothing worth having, that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his ennui. The only difference betwixt them is, that a poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind, without labor, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it, that another shall reap what the farmer sows; but no man can be deprived, either by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies; and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes, are all for his own use. Labor, my dear boy, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light, and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up. But if we neglect our Spring, our Summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the Winter of old age unrespected and desolate."

Again: "Read, my dear Charles, read, and read that which is useful. Man differs from birds and beasts, only because he has the means of availing himself of the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. The swallow builds the same nest which its father and mother built; and the sparrow does not improve by the experience of its parents. The son of the learned pig, if it had one, would be a mere brute only fit to make bacon of. It is not so with the human race. Our ancestors lodged in caves and wigwags—where we construct palaces for the rich, and comfortable dwellings for the poor; and why is this, but because our eye is enabled to look back upon the past, to improve upon our ancestors' improvements and to avoid their errors? This can only be done by studying history, and comparing it with passing events."

LOCOMOTIVE vs. OLD DOBBIN.

A MAN in New Hampshire, about fifty miles from Boston, began talking to his son for not coming in to dinner sooner, as the table had been waiting for him nearly an hour, and wished to know where he had been so long, to which the youth replied, "I've been to Boston, father."

"Been to Boston? Why, the boy is crazy!—It takes two days to go to Boston and back again; and so don't tell your poor old father such whoppers, for they're no go."

"But, father, you must consider that Old Dobbin can't take you along quite as fast as they go on Rail Roads."

"On Rail Roads! You haven't been riding on Rail Roads, have ye?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, that's pretty well I think, for a boy like you to ride on the Rail Road. I wonder what motive took you to Boston?"

"Why, a *Loco-motive*, to be sure, that's the way folks are generally taken on Rail Roads."—*Essex Banner*.

WANT OF PERSEVERANCE.

No misfortune is more common in human nature than this, that when prosperous they forget what occasioned their prosperity: they relax the exertion which secured them success, and their fall is certain. Many who have prospered by persevering in a certain course of conduct, grow tired of their labor, and imagine that they should do just as well without labor as with; and when they fail to persevere, and fall into adversity's power, they complain of an unequal and cruel providence.

All such persons would do well to bear in mind that all things which we enjoy, are marked at a settled price, and he who would secure the good of earth, must pay the price if he would have the purchase: and let them also remember that having prospered by a diligent attention to business, they must continue to persevere in the same course if they would continue to prosper.

A KNOTTY CASE.—Not many years ago, a man appeared in court, whether as plaintiff, defendant, or witness, tradition does not inform us. Be this as it may, the following dialogue ensued: Court—"What is your name, sir?" "My name is Knott Martin, your honor." "Well, what is it?" "It is Knott Martin." "Not Martin, again! We do not ask you what your name is *not*, but what it *is*. No contempt of court, sir." "If your honor will give me leave, I will spell my name." "Well, spell it." "K-n-o-t-t, Knott, M-a-r, Mar, t-i-n, tin—Knott Martin." "O, well, Mr. Martin, we see through it now; but it is one of the most *knotty* cases we have had before us for some time."

TEN TO ONE.—Strict attention to office hours is a duty incumbent upon every public officer. We heard of a case of an American consul, in a foreign country, who was not remarkable for his attention to duty. A gentleman, calling one day, found his office shut, and a label sticking upon the door, with these words: "In from ten to one." Having called again several times within those hours, without finding him, he wrote at the bottom of the label—"Ten to one he's not in."

THE WORD "FAST."—This is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The river is *fast*, because the ice is immovable; and then the ice disappears *fast* for the contrary reason—it is loose. A clock is called *fast* when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand *fast*, when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and eat *fast* when opportunity offers.

GOOP.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what

he intended to do with his daughters, he replied: "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may become like her—good wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

"I AM so tired," said the big wheel to the little one. "Who spoke?" said the little wheel to the cart. "Not me—I always hold my tongue," said the cart, turning round the corner.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CRANBERRY TART.—Take cranberries, pick and wash them in several waters, put them into a dish, with the juice of half a lemon, a quarter of a pound of moist or powdered loaf sugar, to a quart of cranberries. Cover it with puff or tart paste and bake it three quarters of an hour; if tart paste is used, draw it from the oven five minutes before it is done, and ice it, return it to the oven, and send it to table cold.

TARTS, PRESERVED FRUIT.—Rub over with a little butter an oval dish, or tin shape, line it with paste, and fill it with any sort of preserved fruit. Roll out a bit of paste thin, and, with a paste cutter, cut it into narrow strips; brush with water the rim of the shape, and lay the bars of paste across and across, and then put round a border of paste, and mark it with the paste cutter.

RICKETS IN CHILDREN.—One ounce of rhubarb, powdered in one ounce of *ens veneris*, put in one quart of wine or brandy. If the child is a year old it may take a table spoonful at a time, if older take more, to half a gill for an adult. If any part of the body is affected with the disorder, bathe that part with brandy and drink turkey root, steeped in wine, 3 or 4 times a day.

SORE EYES.—White vitriol one tea spoonful, sugar of lead one tea spoonful gunpowder two tea spoonful, to one quart of fair water, mixed and shook well together, six or eight times. Wash the eyes three times a day—an infallible cure.

INABILITY TO SLEEP.—Take a grain or two of camphor at bed time; this is a surer and safer remedy than laudanum.

HEADACHE.—Bathe the forehead and temples with a mixture of hartshorn and strong vinegar, equal parts, and snuff a little of it up the nose. Sick headache must be cured by an emetic, as it proceeds from a foul stomach.

TO KILL LICE.—Rub into the head Spanish snuff, or white, or red precipitate powder.

A SORE THROAT.—Take twenty drops of spirits of turpentine on loaf sugar every night till cured, or the remedies advised for a quinsy; black currant jelly hastens the cure.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

P. W. J. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; V. T. Brandon, Vt. \$2.00; H. H. Wilkesbarre, Pa. \$5.00; P. M. Derby, Vt. \$5.00; J. G. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; W. S. R. Griffin's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; P. E. Cornish, Vt. \$1.00; G. G. Somerville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. W. Halifax, Vt. \$1.00; H. H. Potter, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. S. Le Roy, N. Y. \$10.00; H. M. P. Valatie, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Washington, N. Y. \$3.00; P. W. Farmington Falls, Me. \$1.00; G. H. S. New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. P. Valatie, N. Y. \$10.00; J. E. Cicero, N. Y. \$1.00; N. P. O. Mayville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. West Grandville, Me. \$1.00; M. C. P. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Windham, Me. \$2.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; A. J. Hillsdale, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Shoreham, Vt. \$1.00; S. C. Aurora, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

At Mellenville, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Col. George Decker, of Ghent, to Miss Martha Yorker, of Taghkanic.

At Chatham, on Wednesday, the 23d ult. by the Rev. W. D. Stead, Mr. Elisha Cady, son of Capt. Ebenezer J. Cady, to Miss Adelia S. Knight, daughter of Mr. John Knight, all of the above place.

In Whitingham, Vt. August 31st, by Rev. Hosea F. Ballou, Mr. John C. Wilcox of Halifax, Vt. to Miss Susan M. Allen, of the former place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 14th ult. Anna Frances, daughter of John and Anna Westfield, aged 3 years, 7 months and 22 days.

At Greenport, on the 24th ult. Mr. Benjamin Vail, in his 67th year.

At Claverack, of Scarlet Fever, on the 18th ult. Anna Moore, daughter of Augustus Fanning, Esq. aged 2 years and 8 months.

At Amherst, Mass. on the 9th ult. Mr. James Cooke, aged 60 years.

At Fort King, Seminole Agency, East Florida, Nov. 13th, Susan Hamilton, infant daughter of Lieut. J. McKinstry, U. S. Army.

At Burlington, Bradford Co. Penn. on the 14th ult. Gen. Samuel McKean, late a Senator of the United States, from the State of Pennsylvania.

At New York, on the 15th ult. Virginia, daughter of Jacob A. and Jane A. Howard, aged 10 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PASSING YEAR.

O YE wild winds rush in your hidden might,
With all the rich spoils ye have torn from earth—
Bind on your dark brows a chaplet of light,
From beauty ye bear of such heavenly birth.

The rude storms of summer waked them to life—
They looked with new beauty when it was
hushed—
But autumn was stern, too cold in its strife
For delicate things with light being flushed.

The garden looks sad where so lately ye bloomed,
The wreck left behind but makes it more lone;
Beauty when faded in darkness entombed,
Can never mock the form that once was its own.

The spirit that looked from the blushing rose,
And waked such a soft-breathing perfume there,
Now sighs a wild mourner o'er its repose,
As borne with its music on wings of air.

Yet the sun looks down with its kindling gleams,
As when nature smiled in beauty around—
But coldness returns his once cherished beams,
And his bright brow with darkness is crowned.

Yes, all this bright beauty has faded from earth,
To bloom in a clime more genial and pure;
Till soft breathing spring returns to new birth,
With early caught hues, her lost ones to lure.

This change breathes a blight o'er the kindling
thought,
That waked with the flower in its earliest bloom—
Bright visions went forth, with new beauty fraught,
When nature came forth from winter's cold tomb.

Spring bears on its wings the soft scented flower,
That looks forth each morn with beauty more
bright;
But its breezes awake with loftier power,
The heart bound beneath some dark chilling blight.

But changes steal on o'er all things that bloom,
With a brightness to win as they're wafted by,
Each gale brings a blight that stamp the death doom,
Of some we hold dear, some bright beaming eye.

Why then should we mourn o'er nature's light forms
That beam forth anew, at summer's return—
Since beings more bright, may bow 'neath the storms,
That these borne so wild can fearlessly spurn.

Ballston, N. Y. Dec. 1841. LELIA.

For the Rural Repository.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL old year, oh! thou hast been to me
One of much grief, and misery,
Thou hast o'er me and mine a shadow cast;
I do not grieve that thou art past.

Oh thou hast sped away, on noiseless wing,
But still thy traces left, old year,
Upon my heart, unbidden there dost spring
The bursting sigh, the bitter tear.

Oh! could my sad and lonely heart forget
All that it loves, and clings to yet;
I'd seek no other tie, but live alone,
With feelings dead, and heart of stone.

It cannot be, my foolish heart still clings
True to the dear, the loved ones still,
And oh fond memory around them flings
A charm, I cannot break at will. J. K.

Hudson, January 1, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

ON A PATCHWORK BED-COVER.

ROBE of the night, thy sheltering form,
Thy snug embrace so soft and warm,
On aching limbs has comfort shed
And soothed to rest the weary head.
What varied fragments bought and sold
Are stiched in every ample fold
That now around me seems to float
Like Joseph's many colored coat.

That chintz, so rich, and dark, and wide,
Was once my good great-grandame's pride,
Enfolding oft her aged form
In easy chair in corner warm;
The knitting filled her busy hand,
Her eye was with the youthful band;
Who gazed, I well remember how,
With wonder on her furrowed brow,
Or found the long lost needle there
With which she stirred her thin gray hair.
Her mild eye shed a friendly ray,
But all its light has passed away.

That web so frail and yet so bright,
Of hues so delicate and light,
Once graced a dame of high degree
And formed her morning negligee;
When o'er those curls so soft and brown—
(Nay, ask not if they were her own,)
Her fingers bound in careless grace
A cap of jet-black Brussels lace
And a low voice like music's fall
Gave orders in the servant's hall.

That plaid of dark yet shifting hue,
With a faint tinge of heavenly blue,
Too well the chequered life portrays
Of her who shared my childish plays;
Who, though amid the varied past
In brighter scenes her lot was cast,
Now far retired, in thoughtful mood
Droops fondly o'er her infant brood,
And from a brow once clear as day
Parts all the raven curls away,
Lest baby hands should rudely tear
The tresses of her youthful hair.
We oft have heard the thoughtful mind
Sermons in senseless stones may find;
Then deem it not absurd to gain
Rhymes from a patch-work counterpane
Till you reject each glowing verse
On meaner themes with morals worse.

Wendell, Mass. 1841.

F. H. C.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CONSTELLATIONS.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

WHEN the sun is veiled in the robe of night,
And nought is seen of his rosy light,
I love to view at evening tide
The brilliant stars as they onward ride,
And in far distant realms of space
The shining Constellations trace.

There Aries and Taurus and bright Orion,
Likewise the Eagle and "Golden Lion,"
Now shine in beauty and splendor fair,
And also Lepus, the bounding hare,
While Cetus with many a brilliant star
Is joined by "the Fish" to Andromeda.

There Nortua, the Owl, and Corvus sail
With their talons grasping the Hydra's tail;
And near the Dolphin, gently trots
Sly Vulpecula, the little post;
While the speedy Archer and Mountain Goat
In the astral regions of beauty float.

There Cygnus and Grus with lofty flight
Move through those regions of glowing light—
There Pegasus spreads his glittering wings,
And the bird of Paradise sweetly sings,
While swiftly o'er celestial seas
Glide "Argo Navis" and Hercules.

There Cepheus clothed in glittering gear
His sceptre holds to Cassiopeia,
There Perseus moves with hasty tread
And holds in his hand "Medusa's head;"
And these with the Bear in splendor roll
In their courses round the northern pole.

I love to gaze on the stars at night,
It gives me a thrill of pure delight;
For I then can view the skill and power
Of God, in the calm still evening hour,
And my thoughts and hopes are raised above
To Him, the fountain of truth and love.

Sherburne, N. Y. Dec. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

I would not live always.—Job cii. 16.

Oh no, I would not always live,
In this bright world of ours;
Though pleasant 'tis to look upon
With its sweet fields and flowers.

Though I may love to hear the lark,
Blithe, salute the rising sun,
Nor cease to warble forth its song
Till his trackless course is done—

Though I may love to see the moon,
Careering through the boundless sky,
And watch the stars "as one by one"
They light the firmament on high.

Although my lot may here be cast,
With friends from whom 'twere hard to part,
Whose true affections have entwined
Their cords around my aching heart—

Still I would not always live!
Hope whispers, that beyond the skies,
There is a fairer world than this,
Where the freed spirit never dies.

Hamilton College, Nov. 16, 1841. TREVAUD.

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